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Waiting...

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Waiting...

Shannon Scheitlin

As I eat my snack for the day,
A whiff of her is heaven on earth again.
The smell of her skin captures my being every time.
Her aroma lingers from down the hall,
I know it's her.

Standing by the door with my ear pressed against it,
The laughter of an angel has confined me and I begin to smile.
The sound of my existence surrounds the air.
Hearing her ask how I was today always gives me butterflies in my tummy,
That is just like her.

Even before I witness her, I dart to grab my coat.
The door screeches open as I zip it the way she taught me.
I catch a glimpse of her beauty for the millionth time.
It feels like the first time to see her.

I embrace her and almost faint because she holds me so tight in her arms.
I kiss her cheek because she is missed as always,
Caressing her silky thick hair with my fingers,
Rubbing noses with her tickles me all over.

"I love you mama," as she carries me to our own sacred universe.